



THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

MORE PUZZLES AND ANSWERS TO THOSE OF LAST WEEK.

The Weekly Story.—The Great Lord Nelson
—A Useful Faculty—Letter From
Father Times.

A Hero.

The patter of feet was on the stair,
As the editor turned in his sanctum chair,
And said for weary the day had been—
"Don't let another intruder in."

But scarce had he uttered the words be-
fore
A face peered in at the half-closed door,
And a child sobbed out—"Sir, mother said
I should come and tell you that Dan is
dead."

"And pray who is Dan?" The streaming
eyes
Look questioning up, with a strange sur-
prise;
"Not know him? Why, sir, all day he
sold
The papers you print, through wet and
cold."

"The newsboys say they could not tell
The reason his stock went off so well;
I knew! With his voice so sweet and low,
Could anyone bear to say him, 'No?'"

"And the money he made, whatever it be,
He carried straight home to mother and
me.
No matter about his rags, he said,
If only he kept us clothed and fed."

"And he did it, sir, trudging through rain
and cold,
Nor stopped till the last of his sheets was
sold;
But he's dead—he's dead! and we miss
him so!
And mother—she thought you might want
to know."

In the paper next morning, as "leader,"
ran
A paragraph thus—"The newsboy, Dan,
One of God's little heroes, who
Did nobly the duty he had to do,
For mother and sister earning bread,
By patient endurance and toil—is dead."
Margaret J. Preston.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

Of How It Was That She Failed to See Lafayette.

"I think it's pretty hard!" said Polly.
"When it isn't school, it's dishes, and
when it isn't dishes, it's potato-peeling,
or dusting, or bedmaking—and it's tak-
ing care of a baby all the time! No, you
needn't look at me, grandma. If I'm
cross, I've got a right to be. I guess
you'd be cross too!"

"Suppose you tell me about it?" said
grandma.

"O it's just that everything happens
to spoil my fun away, and I'd counted
on going over to Underhill's Pond this
afternoon; but I might have known how
it would be!"

Polly was just about as incoherent as
other disappointed little girls are apt to
be.
"You see," she said, "we girls were go-
ing on a hunt for arbutus and running-
box and ground-pine to dress the school-
room with. It's Miss Powers' birthday,
and the girls all love her so dearly that
they want to do something, and we didn't
know anything else we could do that she
liked so well."

"Yes," said grandma.

"It was only a little word, but it sounded
hopeful.
"Mamma said I might go, and then
just at the last minute came a message
from Miller's that Mrs. Miller was taken
sick, and they wanted mamma right
away. So, of course, Joe's on my hands
for the afternoon; and because mamma
says I can't take him, I've got to stay
home I think it's just too mean! As if
it would hurt him! He's taken as long
walks as that lot of times."

Joe, a brown eyed urchin of four Sum-
mers, came in from the yard just in time
to find himself the subject of discussion.
"Want to go, Polly—want to go!" he
stated, planting too shabby little shoes
firmly on the kitchen floor.

"Well, you can't," Polly answered, cross-
ly, "and you can just go back and wipe
your shoes on the mat, instead of track-
ing dust all over my clean floor."

"Polly! Polly!" said grandma.
"I don't care!"—she wrung out her dish-
cloth with a vicious little twist, and then
sat down sulkily. "Mamma said he'd be
sure to get his feet wet, and have croup;
but I don't believe but what I could take
care of him."

A shade of pain passed over grandma's
face.

"I thought that very thing once," she
said quietly. "Did I ever tell you about
my sister, Polly?"

"No."
There was not much encouragement for
grandma to proceed, but she did not stop
because of Polly's sullen tones.
"When I was a little girl about your
age—think how long ago that must have
been, Polly!—all Hudson was in a state
of excitement over Lafayette's coming.
We were much more patriotic Americans
in those days than we are now, my dear,
and of all the brave men who had helped

us win our freedom, there was no one
who was dearer to our hearts than LaFa-
yette. Such a time as we made! And
how everybody—big and little—was try-
ing to think of something to do him hon-
or!"

"And did you really see him, grandma?"
asked Polly, interested in spite of herself
in this bringing to life of one of the peo-
ple who only seemed to belong between
the covers of United States history.

"No, dear," she answered, "I didn't
see him, after all. That's what I was
going to tell you. There was to be
speeches at the town hall and a grand
dinner. But the part I was most inter-
ested in was this: There was to be a
big arch of vines and flowers up at the
head of the street, and four of the school
girls were to stand under it as he rode
up, and they were to hold flowers that
were to be offered to him. But we didn't
have so many gardens and green-houses
in those days. People couldn't go up to
Brooks' and order cartloads of flowers
as they can now; so we went to Under-
hill's Pond, just as you girls are going
to-day. Violets and arbutus and ground-
pine grew then as they do now. Just
before the other girls called for me,
though, mother had to go out in a hurry.
I suppose she forgot all about us chil-
dren; but, anyhow, I was left alone
with little Sally, and when the girls came
I didn't know what better to do with her
than to take her along. Mother had
said no when Sally asked to go; for she
said the ground round the pond was al-
ways wet and boggy in Springtime, and
she didn't think it was prudent."

"But Sally was too little to be left
alone in the house, and I thought I was
quite able to take care of her, so she
came with us, laughing and chattering,
and perfectly delighted to be going with
the big girls."

"As for my staying," grandma contin-
ued, "that seemed quite impossible. I was
one of the four girls chosen, and my
white dress had just been freshly ironed,
and I had new blue ribbons to wear.
It would never do, I thought, to be left
out of the flower gathering."

"It was late in the evening before we
got home, and we were all off us pretty
tired. But poor little Sally was hardly
able to drag one foot after the other;
her shoes were all wet and muddy be-
sides, and I knew mother would blame
me for having taken her."

"She was waiting for us at the door,
and the look she gave me as she picked
Sally up in her arms made me feel about
as sorry and ashamed as I ever felt in
my life. She did not scold me or punish
me, but just took no notice of me in a
way that seemed harder to bear than
any punishment could have been, while
she undressed Sally and bathed her poor
tired little feet before she put her to
bed. I went to bed myself pretty early,
and the next thing I remember was
mother coming to my bedside and wak-
ing me."

"You must go for Doctor Rossman,"
she said, "Sally is so sick I dare not
leave her."

"I dressed myself as fast as I could,
and went out. I had never been in the
street so early before, but things looked
so gray and ghostly that I was frighten-
ed, and ran up the street just as hard
as I could. It seemed forever before I
could wake any one up, but I suppose it
really wasn't so very long before we got
back."

"Doctor Rossman shook his head and
looked very grave when he saw Sally,
and I went off in a corner and cried as
if my heart would break, when I heard
mother telling him all about the long
walk and the wet feet. I'd always said
my prayers every night and morning,
Polly, but I never prayed as I prayed
that morning, for my little sister's life."
"No one thought of the procession or
Lafayette's coming, you may be sure, and
my flowers were all forgotten in the tub
where I had placed them to keep fresh
over night."

"The flowers had cost me dear, for
all the morning, while the town was alive
with people coming and going and mak-
ing ready for the great doings in the
afternoon, we sat in a darkened room
and watched the little flushed face on
the pillow, and listened to the hoarse,
croupy rattle that choked and suffocated
her."

"O grandma! grandma!" cried Polly, her
own tears flowing by this time. "She
didn't die then, did she?"

Grandma took off her spectacles and
wiped them slowly. It all happened very
long ago, yet to this day it was hard
to speak of it without a lump in her
throat.

"It was just at noon," she said, brok-
enly. "We heard the drums beating,
and the fife playing, and the tramp of
horses out in front of the house—the
old house in Warren street, Polly. You
know it? But I had no thought of going
to the window to look; for just then
Sally raised up in bed and cried out, 'O,
Lafayette's music!'"

"She was a little thing, and could hard-
ly speak plain." Grandma's voice faltered
for a moment.

"When we laid her down on the pillow
it was all over. Lafayette's music had
passed by, and it was growing fainter
and fainter as they marched up the
street; but little Sally was dead!"

Polly ran across the room and put
both arms around her grandmother's
neck. Her tears choked her so that she
could not speak, and for a few moments
the silver locks that had been brown as
Polly's own when Lafayette came to
Hudson, lay very close beside Polly's
rough little mop of curls, though no word
was spoken between them.

"Polly! Polly!" called the school girls,
stopping in front of the open window,
"are you ready? Hurry up!"

"I'm not going," she answered.

But grandma interrupted:
"Run along and get ready, dear. It
won't make any difference if I don't go
to Mother's Meeting this afternoon. I'm
glad I stopped on the way, and Joe and
I will take care of each other."

"O, grandma!" cried Polly, her face
all in a queer pucker of smiles and tears,
"do you really mean it?"

Grandma kissed her lovingly.

"Why not?" she said. "Have a good
time, and make Miss Powers' birth-
day bright. She has her grandmother's
pretty name, Verena. Did I tell you that
Verena Powers took my place that day
and gave Lafayette the bunch of May
blossoms? But I put mine in little Sally's
hand."—Pansy, in "Christian Work."

The General.

The nursery regiment one day
Were marching up and down,
With flying flags and beating drums,
The prettiest sight in town.

And little Willie on the steps
Was gazing at the band;
Why not, among the warriors
I did not understand.

Until I asked the question straight;
When flashed his eye of blue.
"I am the General," he cried,
"Who must the troops review."

—Harpers Young People.

Last Week's Answers.

25.—1. Touraco (two, rake, o). 2. Star-
ling (star, l in g). 3. Kite. 4. Toucan
(two-can). 5. Cormorant (c o'er m, o'er
ant). 6. Pintail (p in tail). 7. Knot.
8. Stork (st, o'er k). 9. Ounce. 10. Lynx
(l in x). 11. Panda (p and a). 12. Lion-
ess (li on s). 13. Bear (bare). 14. Loris
(l o'er is). 15. D-ace. 16. Minnow (m in
o).

27.—2721.
28.—This is the author's list: Sur-mise
(9), Com-pass (8), Pro-ceed (8), Suc-cess
(12), Par-take (8), Mis-sent (8), Pre-tend
(8), Pen-sion (8), Por-tage (7), Car-bine
(7). Total number of points, 82.

29.—Ink.

30.—Mr. A died before completing his
24th year, and, as he was born on the
29th of February and 1790 was not leap-
year, he had only four birthdays, his
children also numbering four.

31.—Lettres, letters, sterlet, settler, trestle.

32.—
PALATIC
ANEMONE
LEVANTS
AMASSES
TONSURE
INTERNS
CESSEST

33.—Demonstrator.

The Puzzle Column.

On the first Sunday in each month, the
names of the two leaders in the contest
will appear at the head of the column,
and there will be a first and a second
prize.

34.—Transposition.
Some fifty summers ONE had seen,
But never twenty miles had been
From his own parish steeple:
Church TWO he was, and thought it right
That he should keep the church in sight,
And dwell with good church people.

At last he THREEED perhaps two score
Of miles, and found himself in FOUR,
When all was strange and novel:
He paced the long streets up and down,
Stared at the townsmen and the town,
At mansions and at hovel.

A traveled man, good ONE came home,
And FIVE all those inclined to roam,
Of outland risk and danger:
"To visit FOUR is no small joke;
There's more than thirty thousand folk,
And every man a stranger!" M. C. S.

35.—Anagram.
("The song of the Composer," with no
offence to the Typos.)

"I am the great composer,
Ten million ems I've set;
I worry each contributor,
And make him fume and sweat;
I cause, in hues iridian,
The poet's words to fly,
While in deep depths Numidian
He longs for me to die."

"The type in high festivity
I scatter far and wide,
While down a steep declivity
His hopes most wildly slide.
I knocked out an apostrophe,
And out I gouge an 'l';
Completing the catastrophe
By setting 'sign' for 'sign.'"

"To have his poorer efforts mean
Correct is all that he must ask;
Eft soon by him it will be seen
"I mar the poet's finer task." L'envoy.

O, poser friends, when ALL no more
Us to humiliation treat,
What joy will thrill each deep heart's core
And dear will be our ideal sheet.
Novus Homo.

36—TANGLED FLOWERS.

1.	2.
LOEB	BRUT
EVLD	ASOT
LSBI	CRON
LENG	HELS
3.	4.
DDLN	SFLO
EAYI	IELW
HTHG	DEDE
SADE	SADR

Read—forward or backward, up or down
or diagonally in any direction, from the
upper left hand corner to the lower
right hand corner, and find the names of
four kinds of flowers. RALPH.

37—TERMINAL ADDITIONS.

Then the city of ancient art
Saw in the South her rival part;
Hebe basked neath Africa's sun,
Where now green vines o'er ruins run.
ONE, TWO, and THREE held regal
sway
Proud cities of an ancient day.
Their fame, of which the bards have
told,
Shall live till time itself grows old.
CEPHAS.

38—WHAT THEY SAID.

1-2. A vegetable stand beside,
"ONE, TWO, a few," the tailor cried;
3. But thinking this too rough a joke,
"THREE, THREE," a placid Quaker
spoke.

4. A drummer said, "Them can't be
FOUR."

To be so praised, they blushed the more.

5. "O what a thing to FIVE!" the florist
and botanist together chorused.

6. "I'll box your ears," the farmer said,
"If on my SIX again you tread."

7. "SEVEN," mused a jockey, looking
wise:

"That means a bay, I should surmise."

8. "You don't know EIGHT," a pert cook
chimes,

"Though bay is very good, sometimes."

9. "Twenty-four NINES; there's no alloy
To those," remarked the goldsmith's boy.

10. A cooper spoke; his pride was fine:
"I don't have any TEN in mine."

11. A stoker, looking half-ELEVEN—
"Make haste; I'm due on Number Seven."

12. Each bought his greens, and went his
way;

So here's the TWELVE no more to say.
M. C. S.

39—A CIPHER ACCOUNT.

A railroad contractor was called away
suddenly on the last half-day of
the week. His paymaster having been given
the day to attend a funeral, the con-
tractor requested his attorney, who was
at the office, to forward to the foreman
the money due one of his crews. To
this the attorney agreed. But he found,
on searching for the paymaster's time-
slips an hour later, only the following
memorandum:

Monday, 9 men,	SA. DU dollars.
Tuesday, 11 men,	SN. RE dollars.
Wednesday, 17 men,	ED. UA dollars.
Thursday, 12 men,	US. BA dollars.
Friday, 19 men,	BB. EU dollars.
Saturday, 14 men,	UT. NU dollars.

Total, 82 days, STR. NA dollars.
Here was an unusual puzzle for a
lawyer. He had no idea of the rate of
wages the men were receiving, while
the foreman was 21 miles away, with
no means of communicating with him.
The construction train, by which the
money was to be sent, left in half an

hour. But the attorney was equal to
the emergency, and the money—exactly
correct—was ready before the train
started.

What was the amount paid for each
day's work, each man receiving the same
amount? And what was the paymaster's
cipher word? JASPER.

40.—ENIGMA.

"Be early to bed and be early to rise"—
"It's motto in life, one approved by
the wise."

On the very top floor of your mansion I
stay,

And never go down stairs by night or by
day;

But, when company comes and I'm bid
to the feast

I speak not a word, but go well-dressed,
at least.

Or, with impudent swagger your gardens
I range

Till I'm sent off to town, for the sake
of the change!

When charming Maud Muller piled high
the sweet hay,

I was there close beside her, the long
summer day.

Despite the Good Templars, with thought
of sin

I bring out ardent spirits for all who
come in.

Though a weather-worn veteran, looked
up to by all

I have shown the white feather in many
a brawl;

And I change my position so often, you
may

With propriety call me a "Vicar of Bray."
MABEL P.

From the Mail Bag.

Dear Father Times:—I was delighted to
receive your kind letter, telling me I had
won the second prize. I feel quite reward-
ed for all the labor it cost. I am sure the
rice pottage you send us each week is not
enjoyed more by anyone than your little
friend in Waverly. Sincerely,
ANNIE MARTIN.

From Father Times.

Really, small people, the mail bag is a
daily refreshment, for in it each morn-
ing we are sure to find numbers of neat-
ly written and bright notes expressing
the interest of some of you in your page.
That is right it is pleasure to receive your
opinions, especially when they are such
satisfactory ones, and the new names
being added to the list of Puzzle-Prize
competitors indicate that the interest is
by no means confined to the city, or its
vicinity, but is shared by children in
many counties. The prizes for this
month are excellent, and we only regret
that there are but two to be awarded.

However Virginia boys and girls are
plucky youngsters, as well as clever ones,
and are not easily discouraged. Don't
mind one failure, but try again, and keep
on doing that until success in the shape
of a prize comes along.

The names of all competitors will ap-
pear at the end of the month.

The Hero of Trafalgar.

When Horatio Nelson was a lad of ten
he was sent to boarding school. Being
wasted by quinsy and naturally of small
stature, to his fellow students, he seemed
quite insignificant. He was soon recog-
nized, however, as the most daring boy in
the school.

One dark night a council of war was
held regarding the capture of a pear tree
which stood at a short distance from the
dormitory. When every one else had re-
fused to undertake the job, Nelson offer-
ed his services. A rope was tied around
his waist and he was literally tossed
over on the tree. Though attended with
great exertion and no little danger, he
accomplished the feat, returning with an
armful of pears, which he immediately
distributed among his schoolmates. When
asked why he did not keep some for him-
self, he replied that "he did not care for
them, he only did it because the
others were afraid."

The same year he was sent to sea and
two years later joined an arctic expedi-
tion. One morning when their vessel was
frozen in off the coast of Greenland,
Nelson persuaded two sailors to steal out
and kill a polar bear that had been prow-
ling about. When the bear was attacked,
it became very combative and the sail-
ors beat a hasty retreat, leaving Nelson
to follow. Instead of doing so, how-
ever, he kept on fighting and would
have certainly been killed had not the
ice on which he was standing, broken off
and floated away. Leaving the ship was
forbidden and he was accordingly reprim-
anded. But from that time he was
rapidly promoted.

"Never give up" seemed to be his
motto. Soon after being appointed cap-
tain, he was sent to Naples with dis-
patches to Sir William Hamilton, the
English ambassador. Though Nelson was
as yet little known, Sir William divining
his ability, told his wife that he would
bring home to dinner a man who would
some day be the most famous man in
England.

But a few months and Sir William
Hamilton's predictions were realized. On
the 1st of July, 1793, Napoleon Bonaparte,
intent on conquering Europe, landed 60,-
000 French veterans at Alexandria, Egypt.
Nelson with the English fleet pursued
him and on the 1st of August at 1 o'clock
A. M., sighted the port and distinguished
the tri-colored flag of France. Nelson,
who for three days had hardly eaten or
slept, now ordered dinner. It was on
arising from that meal that he made the
since famous remark, saying: "Gentle-
men, by this time to-morrow I shall have
gained a peerage or Westminster ab-
bey." All the captains were now called
together to decide on the method of at-
tack. Captain Berry, enthusiastic over
the plan adopted, cried out: "If we suc-
ceed, what will the world say?"

"There is no 'if' in the case," replied
Nelson. "That we shall succeed is cer-
tain; who may live to tell the story is
a very different question." At 6:30
o'clock P. M. the battle began. Nelson
had his colors flying from six different
parts of the rigging, so they would not
be shot away. The French began fir-
ing at long range, but the English were
engaged in wrapping the sails close to
the masts and soaking them with water.
When they got within a short distance
of the French, the thirteen English ves-
sels opened a terrific broadside and in
thirty minutes the battle of the Nile had
been fought and won. During the con-
flict Nelson was struck on the forehead
by a shell. Carried to the cockpit in a
supposed dying condition, he refused to
be attended until his turn came, saying:
"I will take my turn with my brave
fellows." When the sailors learned his
wound was not fatal, many of them cried
for joy. Immediately on seeing that the
battle was over, Nelson gave orders for
all the crews to thank the Almighty for
the great victory, and it is said that
the French grenadiers with Napoleon at
their head, stood silently drawn up in
line at Rosetti and wondered at the
sudden lull in the battle. A. S.